

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
King and Cobler.

PART the SECOND.

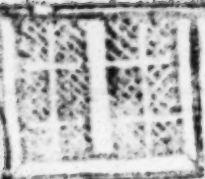
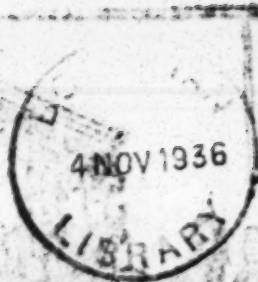


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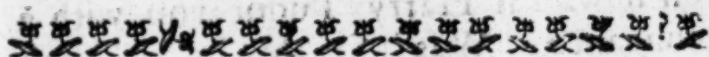
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THE
KING and COPLEY

PART TWO

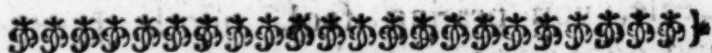


Printed by the King and Copley



The SECOND PART of the

KING and COBLER,



CHAP. I.

*Of the Cocker's Return from Court to his
Wife Joan, and the comical Discourse that
passed between them.*

CHristopher Crispin, for he was so
named, with whom King Henry
VIII. made himself so exceeding familiar,
having been at Court, where he was so
much made of for the mirth he caused,
goes home in the afternoon full freighted
with wine and wonderful Expectations,—
His heart and head being light, he went
capering along, crying, long live old
Harry Tudor, with a hundred Boys at
his heels; his wife standing at the Door,
and seeing him prance along in such an
odd manner, put on one of her crabbed
looks, saying highty-tity what's come to

yon now? I'll Harry Tudor you with a vengeance. Was it for this I dress'd you up in pimblico to have you come home just like one broke out of bedlam.

Peace, wife, said he, for I am upon my preferment, and shall very soon become a Courtier.

Cease, you prating fool, quoth Joan, and get you to bed, that you may be up betime in the morning to work, for this course of life will never do. with these, and the like reprimands, she conjured poor Crispin, (who for quietness Sake went) to bed, where we will leave him, and return to court, to say something of what passed there, relating to that day's comical Adventure.



CHAP. II.

Of the Queen hearing of much mirth at Court comes with her Maids of Honour to know the Cause thereof; and of that proud Prelate's, (Cardinal Wolfey) cursing the King for being so familiar with the Cobler.

NOW it is to be noted, that the cobbler was no sooner gone, but the king

king and his nobles began to renew their mirth, by rehearsing the odd fancies and pleasant pranks the cobbler had amused them with. And a certain lord so imitated the cobbler to the life, that he caused a general laughter, that lasted a considerable time without intermission.——Hereupon, the queen with her maids of honour, came to enquire the cause.

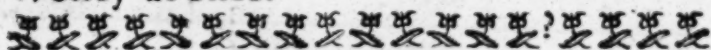
My liege, said the queen, I am glad to hear you and your nobles so merry; and should be pleased to know the cause.

My royal consort, said the king, we have had the company of an honest cobbler, whose like I never saw at court——His downright simplicity hath afforded us all this mirth.

The queen wished to have been partaker of this mirth — The King said, it may not be too late yet for I will so contrive it that you shall have a sight of him very speedily in disguise; by this we shall have proof of pleasant pastime.——But then, said Wolsey, how do these frolics agree with kingly dignity? What must your friends and nobles say, if they hear you converse with a cobbler:—Why said the

the king, Wolsey, have you not heard of the industrious bee's extracting honey from the meanest flower, as well as the richest blossom; and, if so, why may not I experience the fidelity of my people by conversing with an honest Cobler, as well as I may by the crafty policy of a proud Cardinal.

This choak-pear stopped the mouth of Wolsey at once.



CHAP. III.

The Cobler waked the next morning by a Thunder-clap from his Wife; but is restored to Favour by singing one of his Songs.

You may remember how the old cobbler crept to bed; but was waked in the morning with a thunder clap of, Thou nasty drunken swine and whimsical blockhead, is this the course of life you intend to lead: Upon which he jumped up, ran to his stall, and diverted himself with the following song.

THO' now I sit within my stall,
 Old shoes and slippers mending.
 I to the court shall have a call,
 There are my hopes depending.

I do not value crusty joan;
 Altho' with tears I woo'd her,
 I have the favour 'tis well known,
 Of honest Harry Tudor.

He gives me forty marks a year,
 And thats a deal of treasure,
 Besides all this, there is no fear,
 Of having courtly pleasure.

I wish old joan she would but die,
 Altho with tears I woo'd her,
 I'd go to court and there live by,
 My old friend Harry Tudor.

Now as the cobbler was making himself
 merry with singing his new made song,
 joan thus accosted him:

You drunken scoundrel are you Tudoring of it again? I thought you had enough of that yesterday; I think you told me he was a courtier; but I believe him to be a cart-porter. Pray where is the four-pence halfpenny you had of me,

Alas. said the cobbler, my friend was so far from letting me spend any thing. that he has given me what will be the making of us both.

Aye, husband, quoth joan, what has, he given you? Why,

Why, to tell you. sweet wife, he has settled forty marks a year upon me; and as a sure mark of his goodness, he has given me these two broad pieces of gold.

O me, quoth Joan, has he given thee all this? God's blessing on his heart, he is a good fellow.

Who do you call fellow, said he? He that is my particular friend, is no less than our gracious King Henry; and was he to know what you have said of him, you may happen dine on hemp, by which means I should get rid of a shrew.

O husband quoth she pardon me, if you love me, and I will never call you any names for the future.—Be sure, says he, keep your promise, and all shall be well.

CHAP. II.

Of the King's counterfeiting a Tanner; and of his coming to the Cobler to sell some Leather.

KING Henry having promised the Queen that she should be accommodated with some of the Cobler's frolicks, at length it upon a project; which was this,

this, he sent a man and horse down into the country to buy leather, fit for shoemakers' use, and send it to London by the carrier that came to the inn that was opposite the cobbler's.

This being done, the king, in the habit of a plain countryman, came to the inn with his queen, who in the dress of an innocent countrywoman, passed for his kinswoman;



he passing for the tanner that was come to receive and sell the leather, called out for a room and some of the best liquor the house afforded; and then asked the inkeeper whether he could not help him to a chapman for his leather? he answered

ed. there's a Cobler over the way that will either buy it or help you to a chapman.

Prithee send for him, said the King.—Upon which the Cobler was called, and came capering like a morrice-dancer, saying, who wants me?

This gentleman, said the inn-keeper, has some Leather to sell,

I'll buy it, said the Cobler, if it be for my turn.—Then having looked it over, asked the price:—But the King not knowing what it cost, nor its value, offered it him for forty shillings.

Marry, quoth the Cobler, I wish you came honestly by it; for though I am the buyer, I must needs tell you it is worth more.

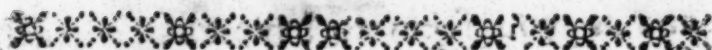
That's nothing at all, said the King, I am for selling all off, and never to deal in leather again; I am for some place at court, and this maiden, my kinswoman is, also desirous of waiting on some lady.

Marry, quoth the Cobler, if it be so, perhaps I may do you some service; for as simple as I sit here, though I say it myself, I am acquainted with the king;
and

and as you seem to have good honest faces, by the mass I will do you all the service I can,

Thou sayest well, said the king, and if thou dost me any kindness, I do not care if I give thee the leather; and so here's to thee.—I thank you, said the cobbler.—And by the time they had drank five or six glasses, his heart began to be light, he told the king he would sing him a song of his own making; at which, when the queen heard it, she laughed heartily; for his comical trick pleased her more than any thing she ever heard in her life.

At length noon approached, and the cobbler was for going with them to court, but first dressed himself, for he would not appear in his cobbler's dress before the king for all the shoes in his shop.



CHAP. V.

Of the King's inviting the Cobler and his Wife to Dinner, and the Discourse that passed there.

THE cobbler being gone, the king asked the queen how she liked the conversation of old Crispin; the queen replied, right well; besides, I see there is something of a principle in him, which, in my opinion, seems to outshine his poverty; for, my liege, when you offered the leather to him at a low price, he let you know it was worth more, and therefore was loath to meddle with it; and what I observed more in him was, his light heart, brisk and airy, and he may, for ought I know, enjoy more content in his cottage, than the courtier at a palace.

Not too much of that, said the king, for I well remember that when he had me down in his cellar to drink a cup of his nappy ale, and eat some of his bread
and

and cheefe, all on a sudden his old wife joan began to rout about; then said the Cobler, my friend you must be gone, for I would not have my wife Joan catch you here; and thereupon, rather then he should be cudgelled by his wife. I got away with Speed.

My liege, said the queen, you was hard put to it.

By my troth, said the king, and so I was.

Then with a smile her majesty said, I would be willing to see her.

She shall be sent for, said the king; and thereupon he called to know what they could have to dinner. The innkeeper told him they might have a shoulder of mutton.—That will do, said the king, and call the cobbler and his wife, for I desire they both may dine with me.

The innkeeper having delivered his message, joan began to set up her rails, saying, I shall have you get drunk again, that I shall.—Nay, said the cobbler, did you not tell me the other day, you never would scold me again, if I would but keep your counsel; and do you begin already;

already; go put on your red petticoat and high crown'd hat, and I'll go dress myself; for I do not know but we shall take a walk to court after dinner, and it will be for our credit to appear before the king in our best apparel.



Now joan, having a sort of fear upon her for what she had formerly said, tho't it best to bridle her unruly tongue; so made herself as fine as a milk maid on a may day.

The

The King taking the glass drank to the
 cobbler's wife, who simpering like a finch
 said, I thank you, sir; then pass-
 ing it to her husband, he filled up a
 bumper, and drank to the queen, with
 this compliment, Young woman you are
 welcome to London, and I do not fear
 helping you to a service that may be for
 your heart's content.



Now by the time the glass had gone
 round, dinner was set before them; and
 the cobbler said grace, which was very
 short. The king carved for the queen
 and

and himself; and Joan gave the cobbler the cuckold's bit, saying, he likes it, him have it—at which the king and queen laughed heartily.——The queen eating but little, the cobbler merrily said, If you should come to dine at a noble man's table, you must lay about you a little better, or they will soon make you as fat as a hen in the forehead.

Dinner being over, the cobbler diverted the king and queen with many of his original songs and catches; after which he thought it proper to withdraw into another room, there to consult method about the finishing of this whimsical adventure.



 CH A P. VI.

*Of the Cobler being put in fear of his life,
 but afterwards coming off with flying co-
 lours.*

NOW it is to be noted, that the King, had told his secretary of State, that he would send his royal signet to him, sealed up in a letter, by a messenger whom he would secure, in order to make him give an account how he came by it.

Whereupon, he writes the letter, in which he enclosed the signet; and having directed a letter, he desired the cobbler to carry it, who was ready to serve him, and was resolved to go with him, to keep him from being drunk — They was no sooner departed, but the king called the reckoning, and paid it; he and the queen went by water to the palace, where they called off their disguises, and came in their royal Apparel, the King with his nobles, and the Queen with her maids of honour. By this time the cobbler and his wife had delivered the letter to the secretary; who, upon opening the same, seemed to

startle, and with a frowning countenance said, here is the King's signet——how came you by it?

Why, quoth the cobbler, I received the letter from a tanner.

The Secretary replied, if you do not go and fetch the tanner, take my word for it, we will make an example of you.

Why, quoth Joan, you won't hang my husband, will you?

Says the secretary, it will go hard with him if he don't find the tanner.

I'll fetch him presently says she.

But coming to the inn, and finding they were gone, she fell into a violent fit of the tanterums, running up and down crying O my poor husband? what will become of my poor Cobbler? he will be hang'd!—he will be hang'd!

For what? said the inn-keeper.

But Joan, who had no patience to tell her lamentable tale, cried out, the tanner is gone! in this condition, raving like a lunatic Person, she ran back towards the palace, with a great number of people after her, who wanted to know the cause of her Outcry; but Joan continued cry-

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ng, O the tanner! the Tanner is gone!
and my poor husband, I fear, will be
hanged.

Which words her husband happening
to hear, just as she entered the Room, he
said, dear Joan have you not brought him
with you,

With me, quoth Joan, no no, they
are gone, and you are left to suffer.—So
now had it not been better for you to
have been ruled by your Wife, and kept
to your own work, then follow every one
that sends for you. Now you see what
you have brought yourself too. Nothing
would serve you the other day but a cour-
tier, such was your pride, such was your
ambitious fancy. But let me tell you, if
they should have a fancy to hang you,
then I may say you have made a fine
piece of work of it, and doubt not but it
will be a fine warning to you for the fu-
ture;—I cannot but think how like a
courtier you look now in this crying
and melancholy condition.

Now while she was exulting over poor
crispin, the king was informed of all
these merry transactions. and gave orders
for

for crispin to be brought before him, which was accordingly done; but as the cobbler approached the presence of the king, his joints failed, for he expected to find no favour,

When the king saw him, with an angry countenance, he said, Cobler, how came you by my signet?

The poor cobbler falling on his knees with wringing hands, said, May it please your grace, may it please your honour, I went to buy a parcel of leather of a tanner that had been brought out of the country;—and then he told the king the whole story concerning his sending him with the letter.

The king replied, this is a pleasant story;—but it seems you cannot shew the tanner, so I shall leave you to the mercy of the law, and if you are hanged by the law, you must assuredly take it for your pains.

Joan hearing the king talk of hanging, fell on her knees, saying good Mr. king, don't hang your poor crispin, I beseech you; he is an honest man, and has but one fault.—What is that said his majesty?

May

—May it please your grace, he will
 be ruled by his wife, but is always
 him, monkey like, to run after wicked
 as then, that endeavour to make him drunk.
 of that is neither here nor there, said the
 ted to, for he must die; nevertheless, as
 have begged that he may not be
 angered, on the word of a king he shall
 come be hanged, but I will allow him the
 or to chuse his death.

knees Why then, said the Cocker, let me die
 please death of my grandfather.—How was
 your, said the king? —May it please your
 manner, on a death-bed of old age.

of that which the king, queen, and the
 ng the king laughed heartily; and crispin and
 g him wife, by the king's command, were
 ed up in a room for half an hour, to
 please the king's farther pleasure.

ew the sooner were they a second time con-
 cerned, than the coker, with a trembling
 by the king, said, I wonder what, sweet wife, the
 or your intends to do with us now.

ys joan, prithee be of good cheer
 ng, think the king and queen are the
 king and his kinswoman.

beseech
 as but
 ajesty?

May

Adsfoot, quoth the Cobler, take care thou shal
least you speak treason, and we both Which
hanged :

Fear not said she ; for although thand I
changed their apparel, they could n
their faces.

While they were in dispute, the Kid w
and queen, dress'd in their former disguise el
entering the room, with their nobles which
maids of honour, the king said, Crispent
since you could not find the tanner, I have T
brought him to you.

At which words he fell on his knees a
cried——

Long live my lov'reign king and queen
Who did their royal persons so demean
As in familiar sort to joak with us,
And I am glad to hear it is no worse.

Arise honest cobbler, said the king,
merry be thy heart ;——I have tried
patience and will prove thy friend ;
the forty marks a year that I form
gave thee shall be made much more
my bounty.

ke calou shall have fifty pounds a year in land,
 both Which lies upon the south side of the strand,
 am the royal giver—thou the taker,
 gh thind I will have it called cobbler's acre.
 ould n

Poor crispin and joan was so transport-
 he Kid with joy at this glorious coming off,
 disgund especially at the good queen's present,
 bles which was a purle of gold, that they pre-
 Crispin the court with a comical farce call'd,
 r, I have *The Forked Friends*; Or, *The Fiddler*
and his Wife; with which they finished the
 ay, to the joy and mirth of the beholders.

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Then being dismissed with great applause
 he and joan returned home; and in
 a short time he built a fine row of houses
 and called them cobbler's acre, according
 to the King's direction; which name con-
 tinued after the King's death; but it has
 since been converted into magnificent
 buildings.

*Yet during Life, the cobbler at the court
 Was well beloved and kindly entertain'd
 Where he afforded much delightful sport,
 So long as brave old Harry Tudor reign'd.*

*The King dy'd first, the Cobbler followed after,
 That had so often fill'd the court with laughter.*

F I N I S.



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